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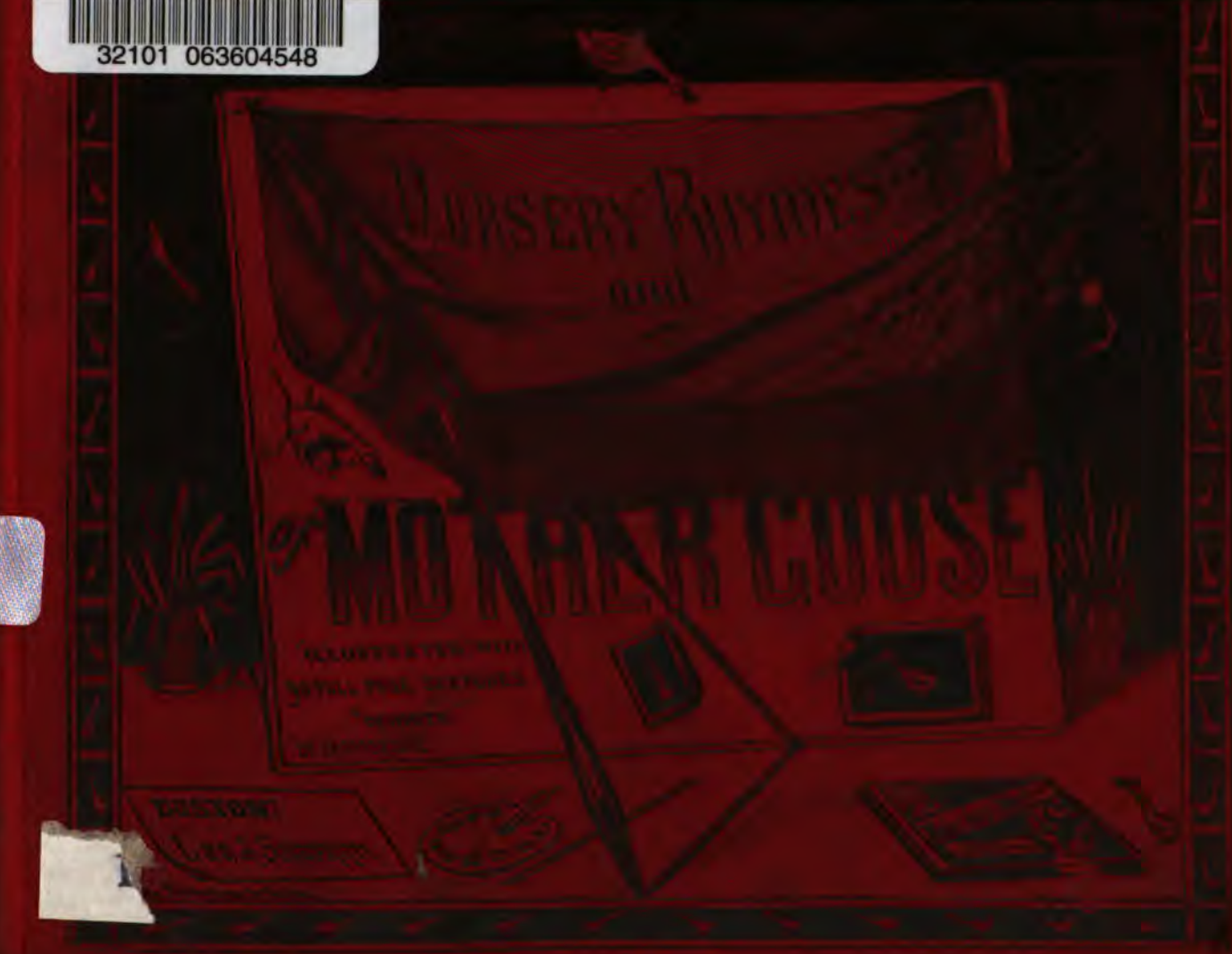

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Mother Goose.

MOTHER GOOSE IN WHITE.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES,

WITH

SILHOUETTE ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

J. F. GOODRIDGE,

ARTIST OF "MOTHER GOOSE IN BLACK."

BOSTON:

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK:

CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM.

1880.

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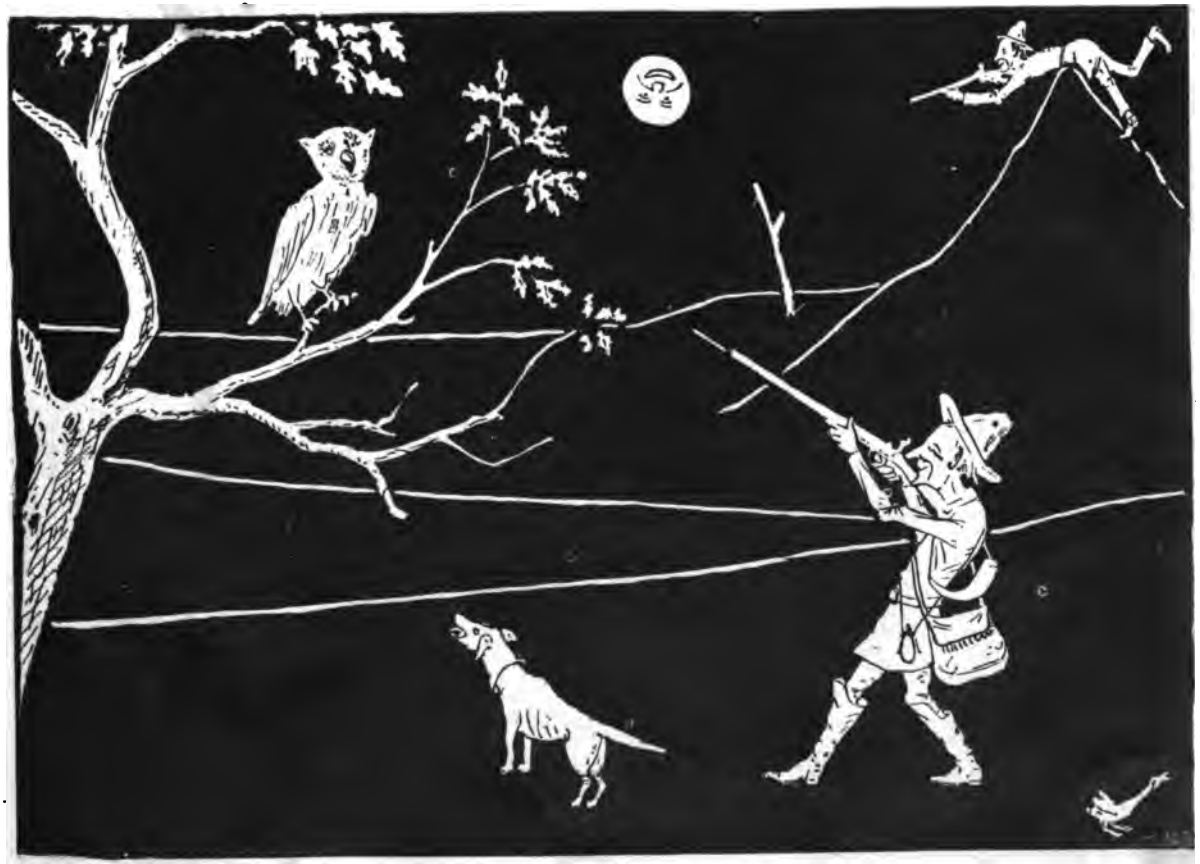
DANCE to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.
You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

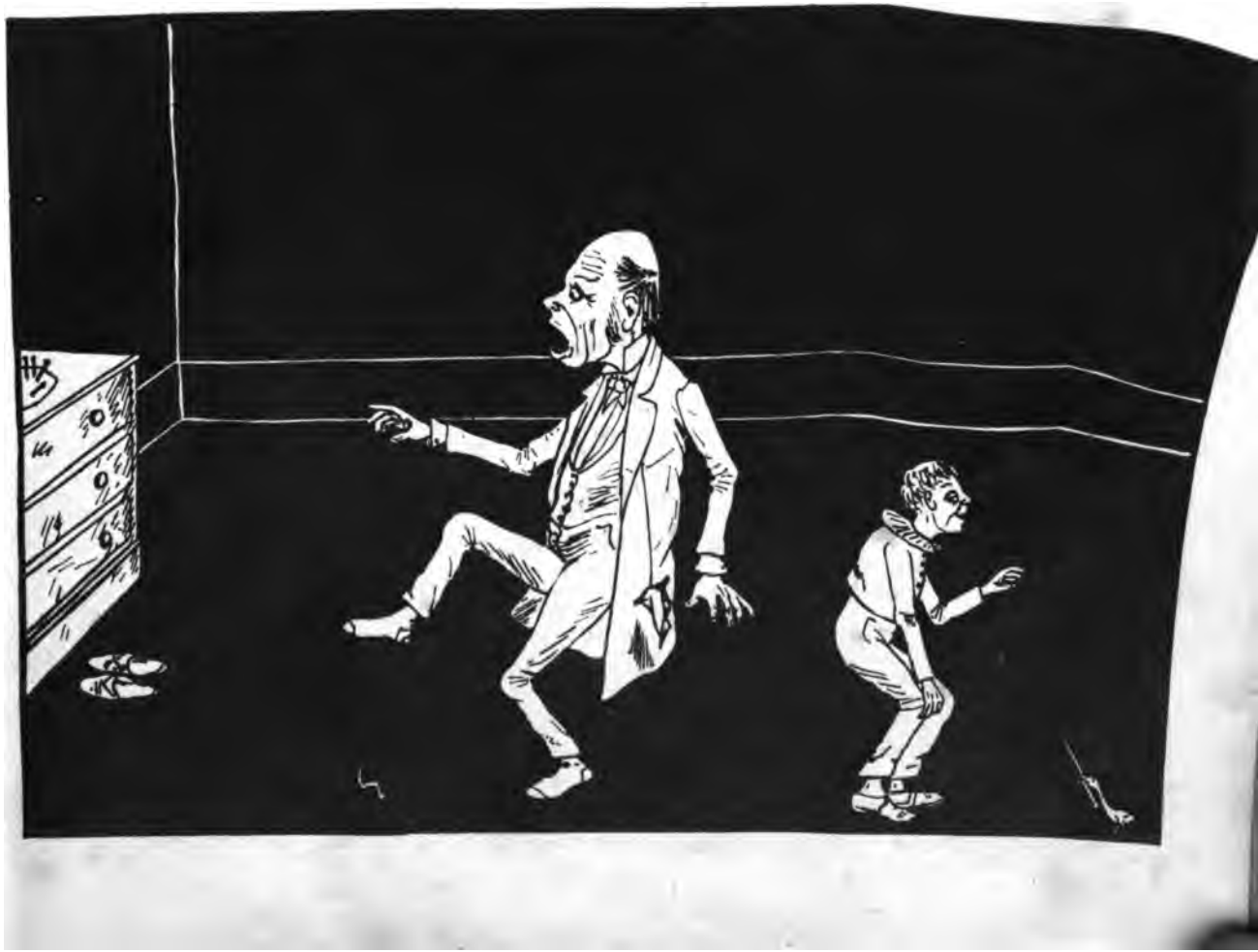
THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle.
A sportsman chanced to come that way,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle:
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird;
So Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle."



As I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

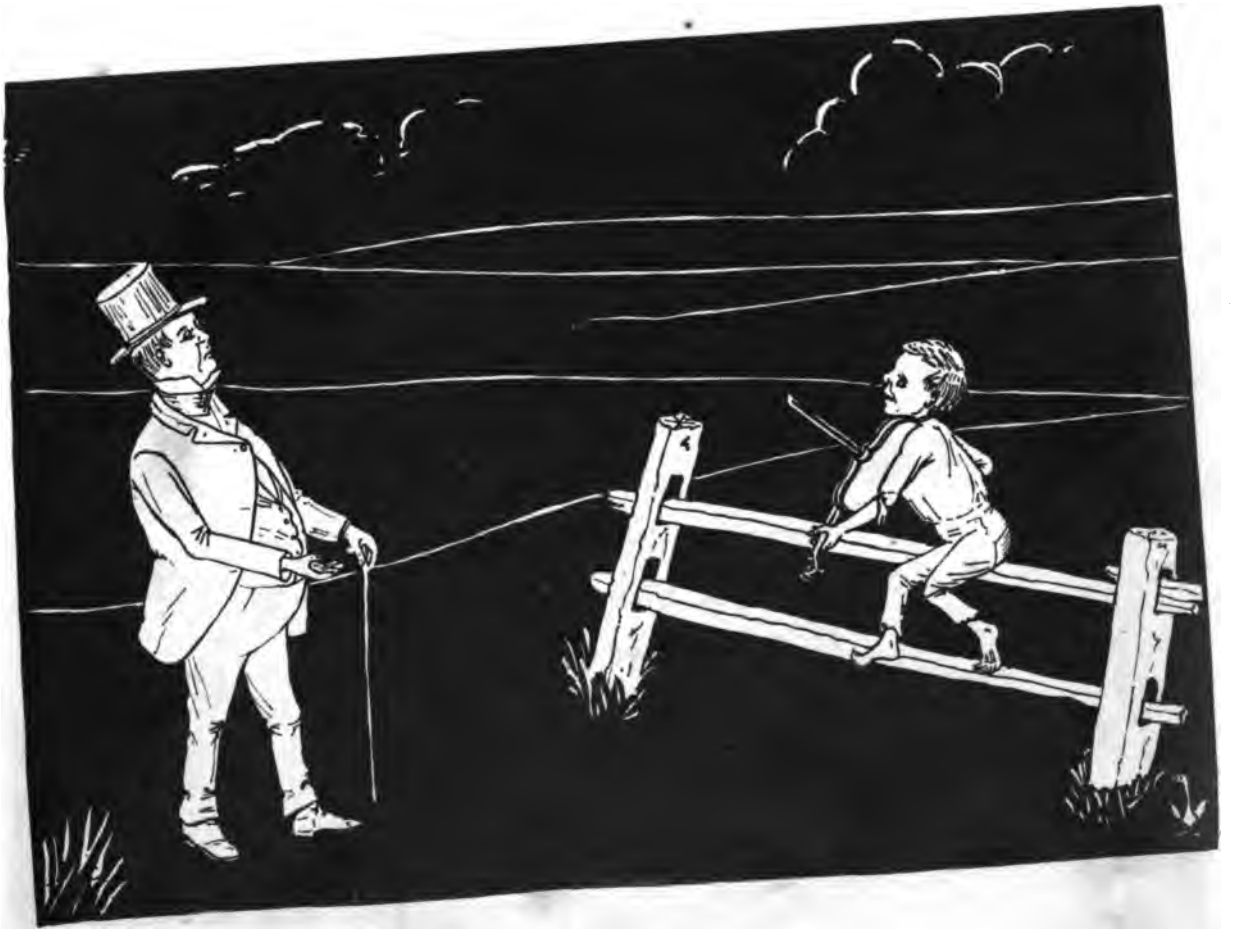
Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tommy Tucker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

See a pin, and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck
See a pin, and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.



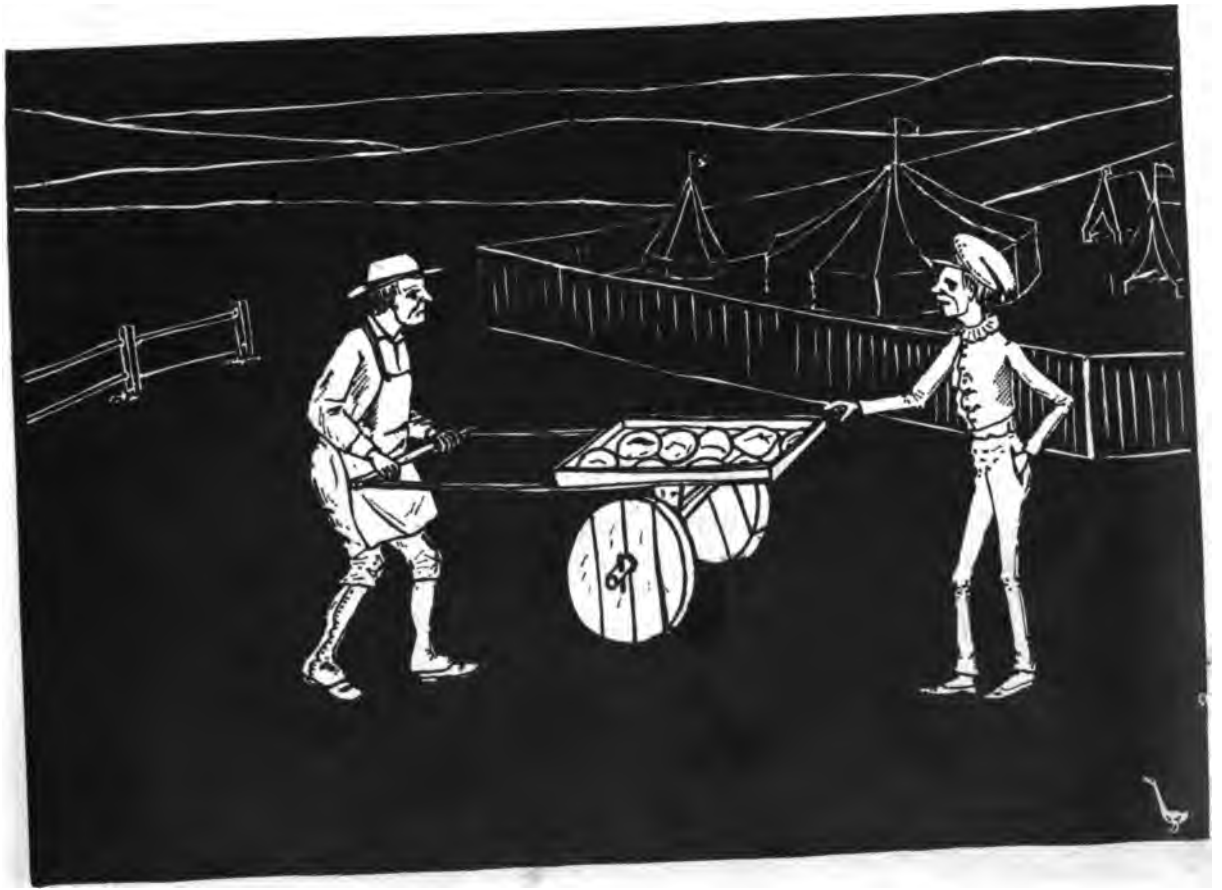
JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive. —
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.



SIMPLE Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair:
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

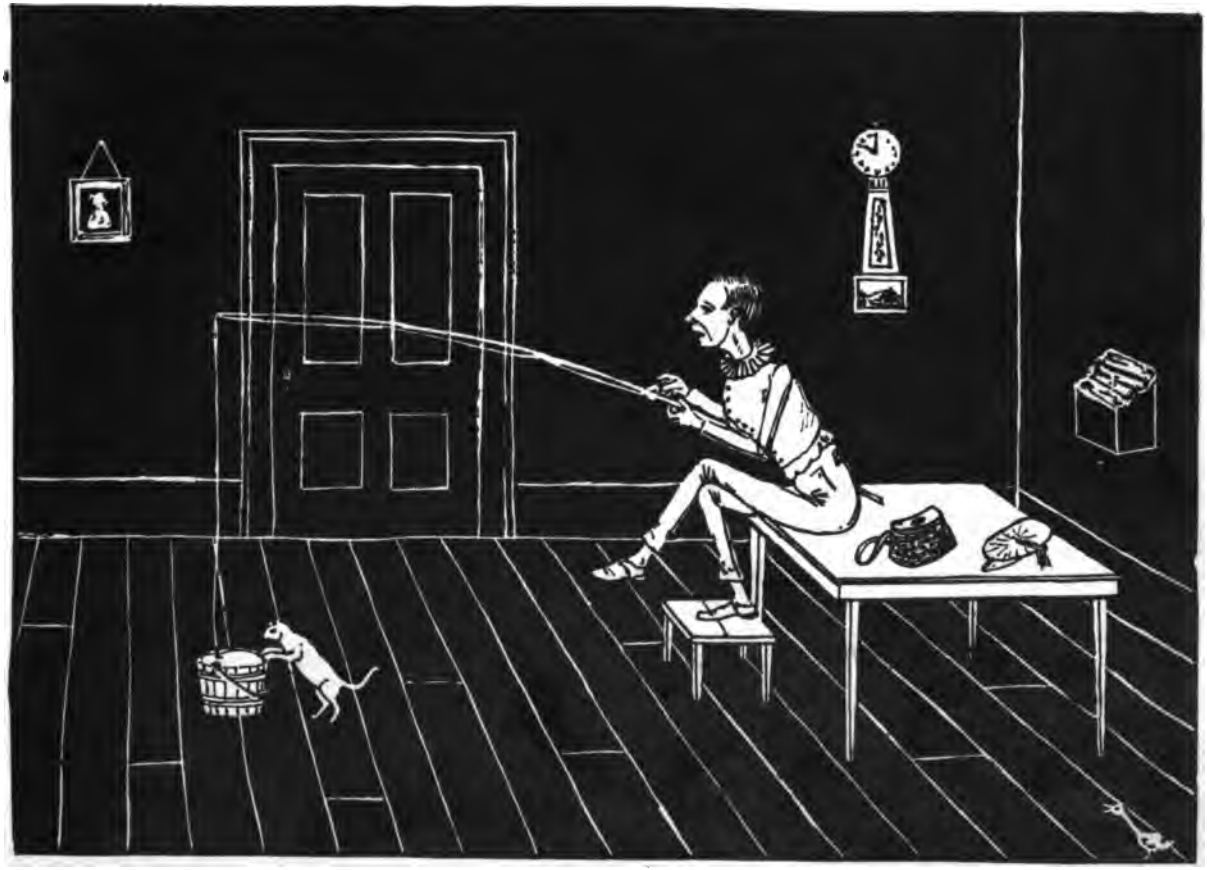


He went to rob a bird's nest,
Was built upon a bough:
The tree broke down, and Simon fell
Into a dirty slough.

SIMPLE Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare:
He rode an ass about the streets,
But couldn't find one there.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away:
Says Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

SIMPLE Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.



THE barber shaved the mason,
And, as I suppose,
Cut off his nose,
And popped it in the basin.

My little old man and I fell out:
I'll tell you what 'twas all about, —
I had money, and he had none;
And that's the way the noise begun.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king:
He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

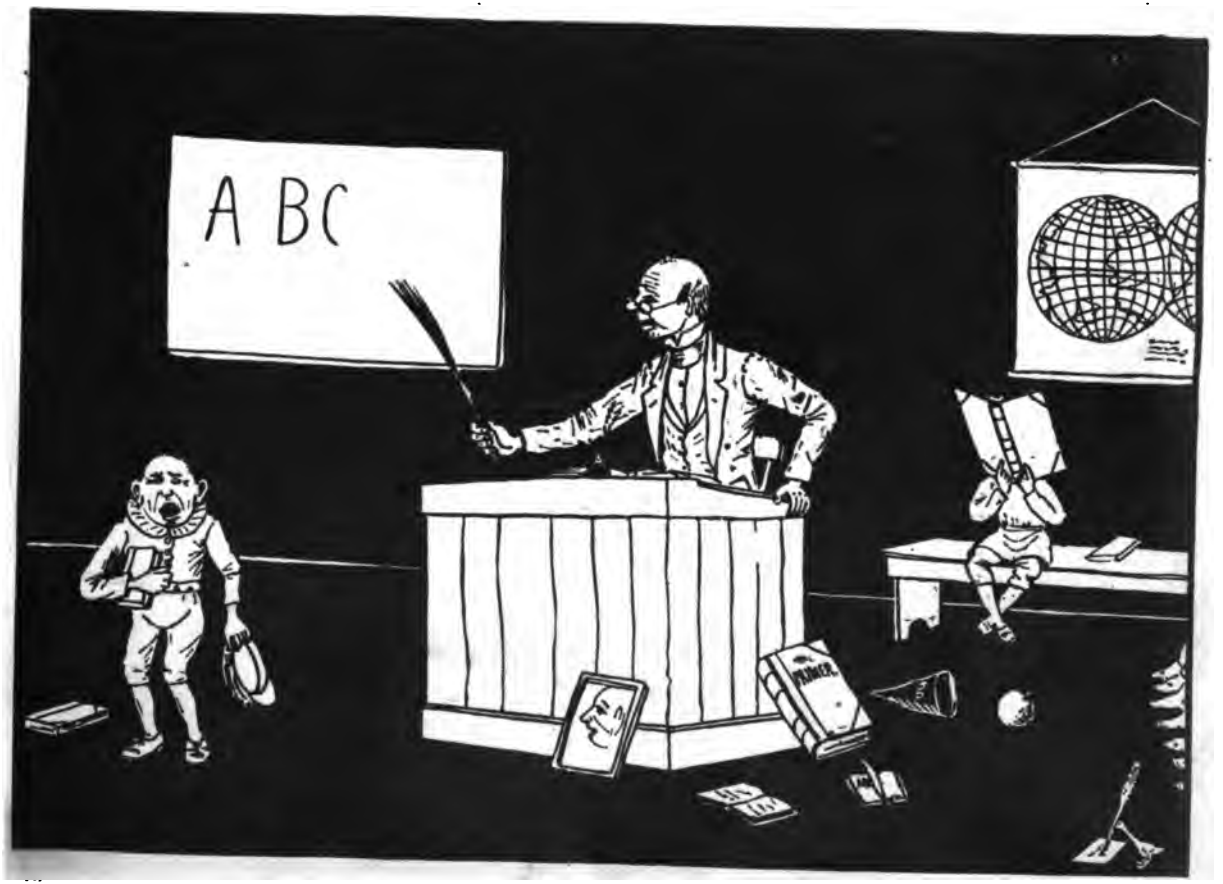
DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air:
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber:
There I met an old man
Who would not say his prayers;
I took him by his left leg,
And threw him down the stairs.

DOCTOR FOSTER went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain:
He stepped in a puddle, up to the middle,
And never went there again.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins:
When a man marries, his trouble begins.

A DILLER, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.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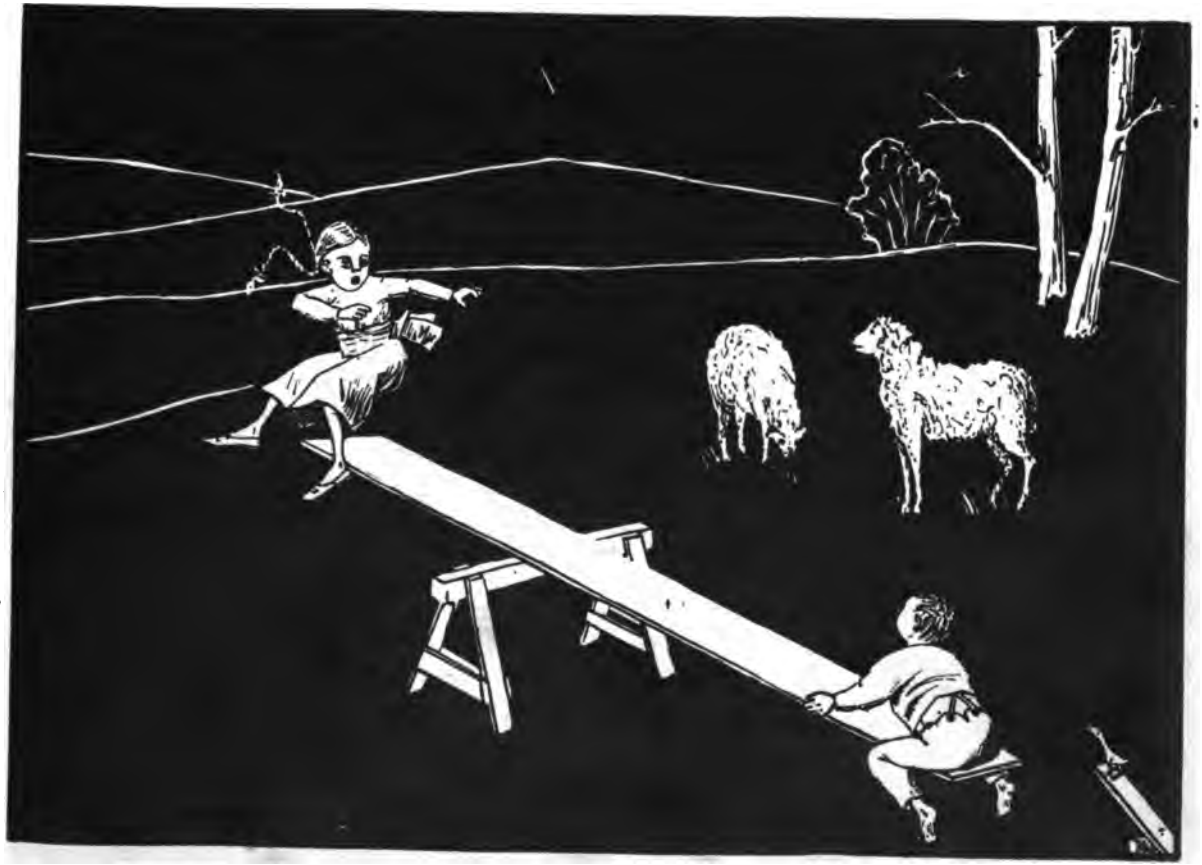
PRIMER

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.



HUSH-A-BY, baby, lie still with thy daddy:
Thy mammy is gone to the mill,
To get some meal to bake a cake;
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And, if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

SING a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing:
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;

PA. WN
BRO KER.

The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

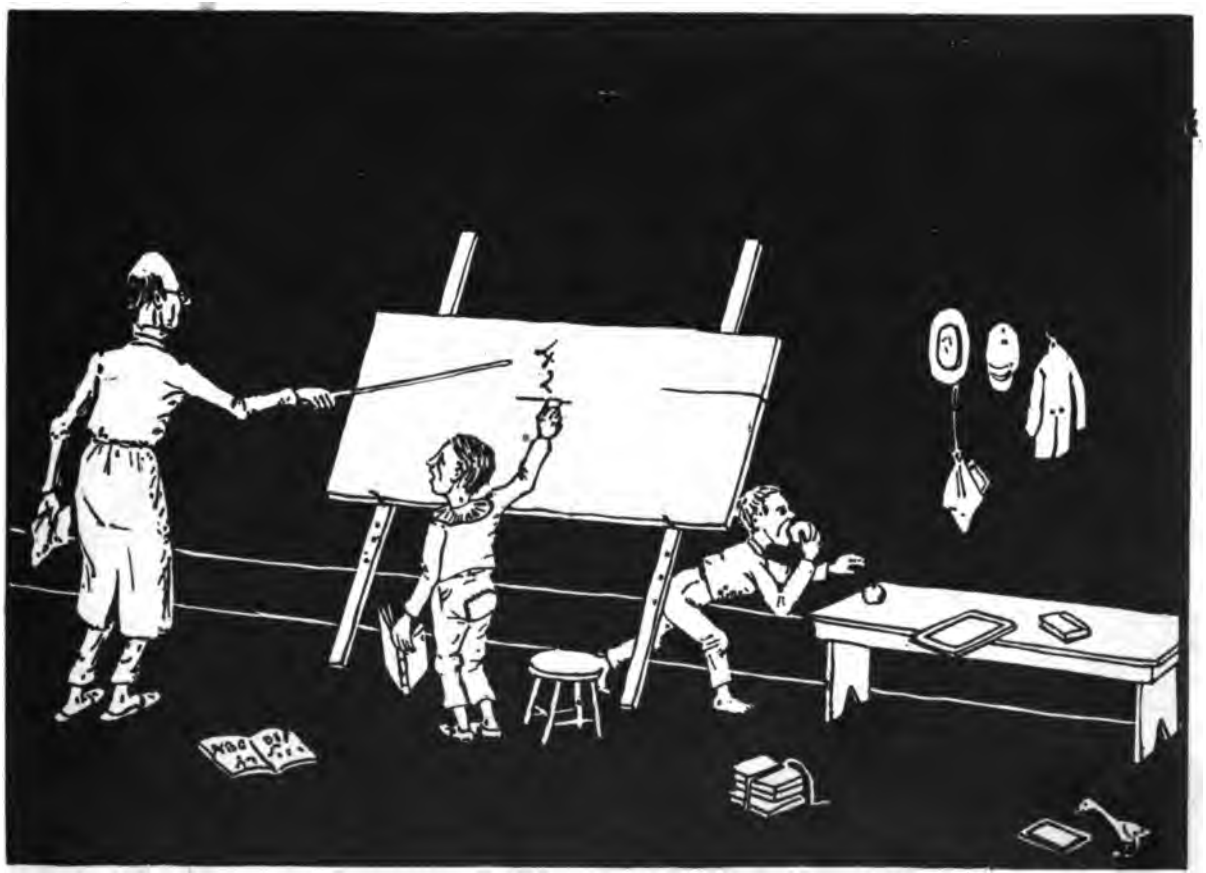
HONEY
HONEY
HONEY

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
By came a little bird,
And nipped off her nose.

[A North Country Song.]

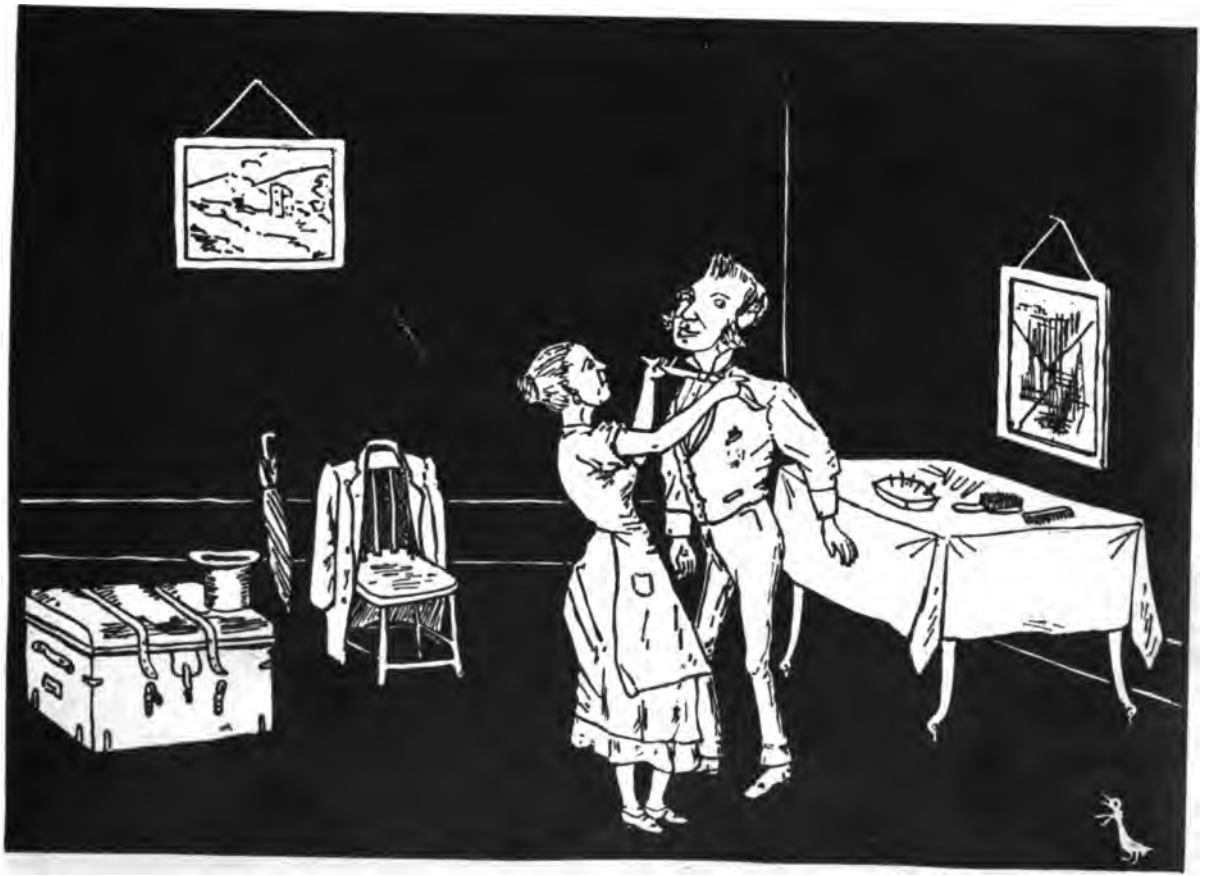
SAYS t'auld man tit' oak tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee:
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;
But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation;
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three perplexes me;
And Practice drives me mad.



Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up in an apple-tree:
One came down,
And the other staid till Saturday.

JEANIE, come tie my,
Jeanie, come tie my,
Jeanie, come tie my bonnie cravat:
I've tied it behind;
I've tied it before;
And I've tied it so often, I'll tie it no more.



If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!
Old chairs to mend! old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!"

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!
Old clothes to sell! old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!"

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire;
The mistress snored loud as a pig;
Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.

Mr. Isbister, and Betsy his sister,
Resolve upon giving a treat:
So letters they write,
Their friends to invite
To their house in Great Camomile Street.

THIS is the House that Jack built:
This is the farmer who sowed the corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by with his bow and arrow:
Says he, "I will shoot the little cock sparrow.

His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie too."
Says the little cock sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay:"
So he clapped his wings, and flew away.

WHAT's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

THOMAS and Annis met in the dark:
"Good morning," said Thomas;
"Good morning," said Annis;
And so they began to talk.

"I love you," said Thomas.
"Love me!" said Annis:
"I prithee, love, tell me where."
"In my heart," said Thomas.
"In your heart!" said Annis:
"How came you to love me there?"

"I'll marry you," said Thomas.
"Marry me!" said Annis:
"I prithee, love, tell me when?"
"Next Sunday," said Thomas.
"Next Sunday!" said Annis:
"I wish next Sunday were come."

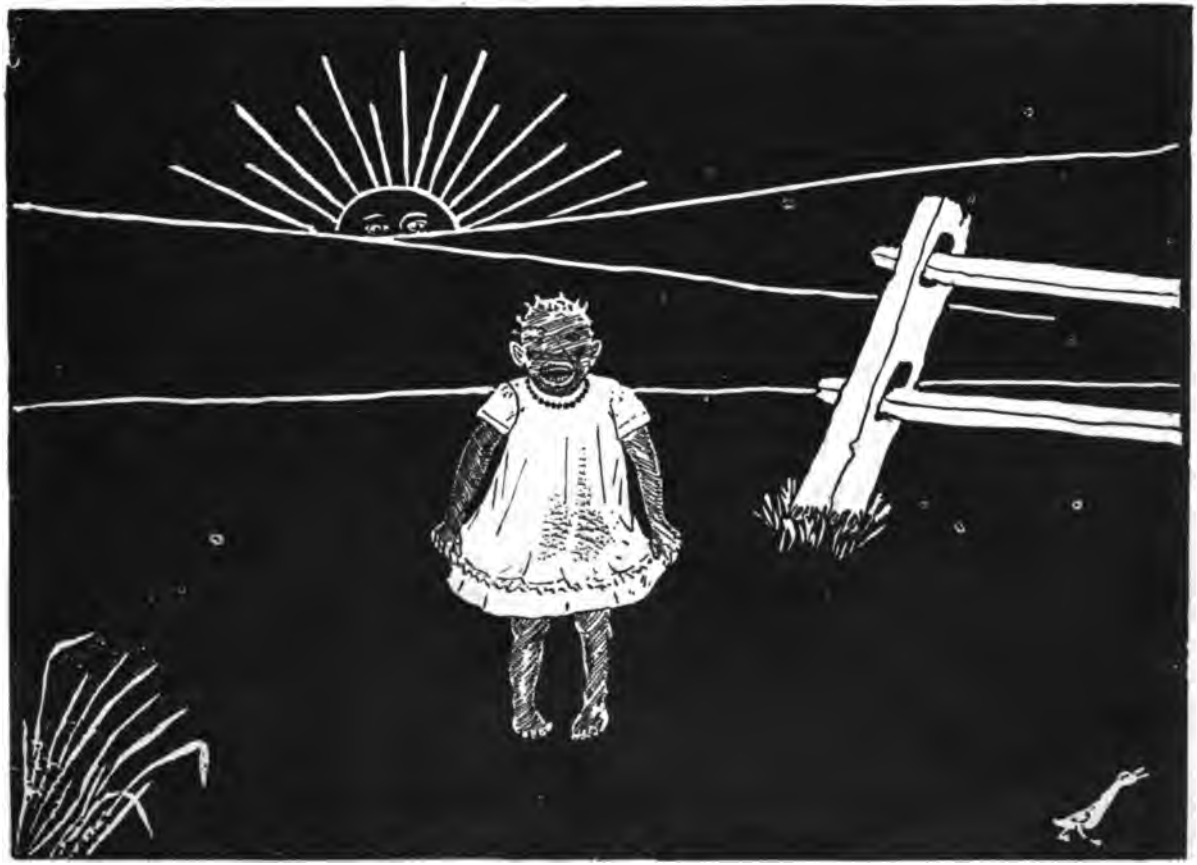
ROBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
Prick it and pat it, and mark it with T;
And put it in the oven for Teddy and me.

YEAST

THERE was an old woman in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon, and night in a hurry.
Called her husband a fool;
Drove the children to school,—
The worrying old woman of Surrey.

WHAT care I how black I be?
Twenty pounds will marry me;
If twenty won't, forty shall:
I'm my mother's bouncing girl!



THERE was a little boy and a little girl,
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh! shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

ELSIE MARLEY is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey,—
The wife who sells the barley, honey?
She won't get up to serve her swine.
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea
In an open boat;
And while afloat,
The little boat bended,
And my story's ended.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a Snipe flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

Doodle, doodle, doo,
The princess lost her shoe:
Her highness hopped;
The fiddler stopped,
Not knowing what to do.

THE man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea:
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

FEEDUM, fiddledum, fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

Saw ye aught of my love a-coming from ye market?
A peck of meal upon her back,
A babby in her basket.
Saw ye aught of my love a-coming from ye market?

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you if I may.
I am going to the meadows, to see them mowing:
I am going to see them make the hay.

MOTHER GOOSE IN BLACK.

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.

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Full-Page Pictures

BY

J. F. GOODRIDGE.

4to.

He began to compliment,
And I began to grin, —
"How do you do?" and "How do you do?"
And "How do you do?" again.

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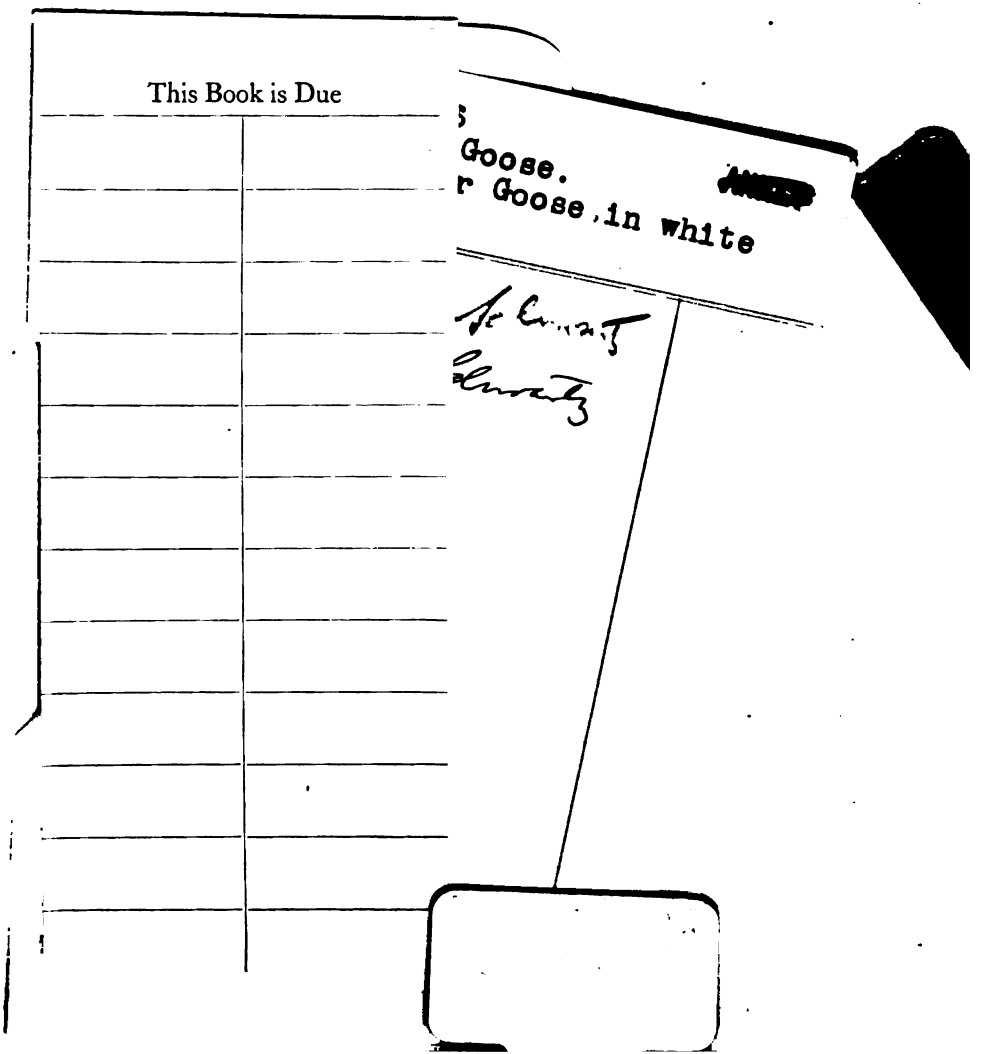
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